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OCTOBER, 1950

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

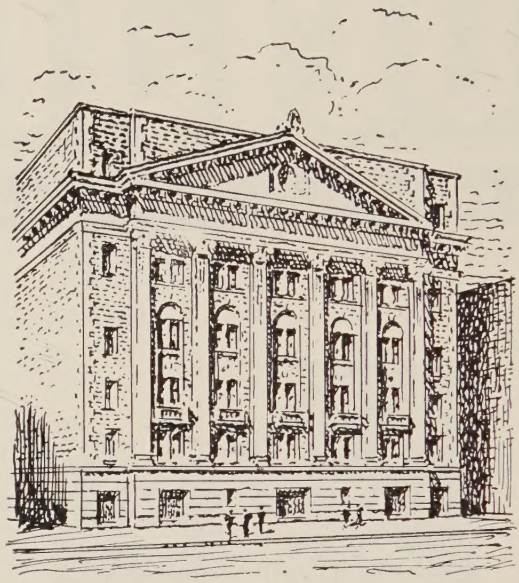
Our Native Land

By THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

AMERICA, our native land,
God made thee wondrous fair,
A land of plenty, of good-will,
A home beyond compare.
God keep thee, our America,
A realm of truth and light!
May haughty despot ne'er despoil
Nor shroud our land with night!

Not unto us the glory, Lord,
For power on land and sea,
Thine be the praise who made us great,
Who gave us liberty.
Without Thee we would build in vain
The walls 'tis ours to raise.
Forsake us not! Be Thou our might
Through all the coming days!

—Courtesy The War Cry.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVII | ***October, 1950*** | *Number 7*

MEMBERS' PROGRAM

From the earliest times man has reached forward toward some greater good and a better life. Religion is the untiring quest for that better life—the unfolding of man's highest possibilities. May we all go forward in that quest together. I ask every member, every friend, radio-listener and reader to adopt the following program as your Program for this 39th year of The Peoples Church:

1. Attend service regularly. Acquire the habit.
2. Unite with some organization in the Church.
3. Greet some stranger at the services.
4. Maintain perfect silence on entering the auditorium.
5. Enroll your children in the Church School.
6. Invite all house guests to the services.
7. Subscribe to The Liberalist—mailed to any address, one year for $2. Each number contains a sermon, an editorial, a book chat and a mail bag.
8. Become a regular weekly contributor. Envelopes mailed from the Church Office.

I will do my best. May I count on you?

Preston Bradley

THE GOD I KNOW

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
The Peoples Church of Chicago
March 12, 1950

THE subject of the sermon this morning, "The God I Know," has about it the quality of the personal. There was even a little hesitancy on my part in selecting a subject of this character because of its personal content. I ask to be forgiven on the part of any discriminating or critical listener if the introduction of the personal pronoun "I" has any tendency whatever to create in your mind the impression that I am being dogmatic, or that I am implying that the God I know is the only God or that my interpretation is the only interpretation of understanding of God available. That is the farthest from my mind and my heart.

Each of you, I hope, knows God too, and if each of you were to discuss privately and intimately with someone you know and love and were to talk about "The God I Know," your conception of God might be quite different from my conception, and yet both conceptions might touch reality. The God you know may be just as dear and precious to you and just as necessary for you as the God I know.

Of course, from an academic point of view one can generalize, speculate, rationalize, or philosophize, when attempting to interpret the evolutionary and historical character of God as it has transpired in the thinking of the ages, as affected by the contributions of science and invention and the creation of genius; but I do not want to talk about God this morning in that connection at all, although I am quite familiar with that God.

No one who has ever known the Old Testament and the New Testament of the Scriptures can possibly deny that with the coming of the centuries man's conception of God has altered continuously. All the way from the primitive concept of God, when God walked in the cool of the evening, and when he talked and could be heard audibly, as in the sentence "and Enoch walked with God" and when Moses heard God speak—the language, the voice of God and God walking by one's side literally, in the garden, in the cool of the evening —all the way from that concept of God, down through the years, we find man continually seeking a way out of the maze and confusion of polytheism, where he had created gods of this and gods of the other, each creation was a symbol of some attribute which he wanted to see coronated and crystallized into perfection, straight down through the singer of the Psalms, then the thundering voices of the prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Micah, all through those centuries—who is there who can deny that the thing which evolved was man's concept of God. I think one would give evidence of almost an illiterate attitude toward God unless one recognized that evolving conception of God. Man's mind was conditioned and advanced by science and by invention, straight down from the alchemy—for they had no chemistry, only alchemy; they had no astronomy, only astrology;—and as the mind of man clarified and deepened, there was an evolving concept of God and a conception of the magnitude of the cosmos, and we find the first modifications in the re-adapting of man's concept when Galileo came and Copernicus and Kepler, on down into the 19th

century, until we find Steinmetz and Einstein and their concept of God, with our scientists Edington, Jeans, Macy, Urey, Compton, their concept of God, none who deny the reality of God.

Now, as we stand and look at all this evolutionary process down through the ages, remembering all the intellectual developments, the scientific advancements and the widening of man's mental area—the concept of "The God I Know" who is the same yesterday, today and forever is a much larger concept, and that God is very articulate in my own inner consciousness, and in that God I have a deep and a consecrated and abiding faith.

Conceive of man's crude, primitive, intellectual struggle: conceiving of an anthropomorphic God — a person. That's the only concept early man could have. He had no other. Then the ages came; but no matter what man's little concept of God was, the reality, which transcends history, which transcends science, which transcends education, which transcends poetry, the eternal reality, the everlasting rectitude of the cosmos, that was identical in the childhood of the race; that has not changed. The reality was there. It has been man's intellectual capacity to grasp the deepening concept of that reality which has changed. It is not a bigger God man has today, for you cannot think of God in terms of relatives. God is as big as He ever was. It is no change which has come to the constituency of the universe. That eternal principle back of it has never changed and never will. So the poets have tried to express it; the musicians, the artists, the metaphysicians, the philosophers, the scientists have tried to express it; and they may differ in their credal statements of a theology about God, that's what theology is, a science about God. But the eternal truth of God must ever remain to be a demonstration in your individual heart. That's where the concept—your concept—about God comes in. You need not worry about what science will do to religion. It will do nothing except clarify it. You need not worry about this or that and what it will do to God. It will never touch God, never. The problem is, my relationship and your relationship to that eternal truth.

There are on true atheists, never! There are atheists against certain concepts of God, but not against the reality. The disciples of Christ were first called atheists. Socrates was called an atheist. It was atheism then. Atheism was simply the refusal to believe the current thinking, and if a person refused to believe the current thinking, whatever was accepted uniformly as the truth about a thing, they were atheists. But when it ocmes to the stupendous reality of an eternal, there are no atheists. How could there be? It would be like denying the reality of the obvious.

I want to weave into these concluding moments a conception and if possible an interpretation, but always an appreciation of what I feel is the God I know. Of course there is the premise that that creative principle exists; that I could not deny. I do not think the most erudite thinker, the finest scholar or the best philosopher could deny that there is operating in the cosmos an activating, creative spirit of the eternal. If that isn't true, nothing is true, and it would have been better had none of us been born. I would regret birth. I believe that that creative spirit, intelligently operating in the creative life processes, had a beautiful design for humanity. God had a great plan for man. God loved humanity. I can imagine that in the heart of God there must have been great compensatory values and emotions when He would see man developing his intellect,

his creativeness, his spirit; when he would see man painting beautiful pictures and composing wonderful music. When he would see man sacrificing for a friend, or he would see a mother in her sacrificial love for her child. When he would see a father's pride in a son. God must have had some very happy days when he witnessed the beautiful qualities of man, which man had predicated in every era of his history. It must have pleased Him. He must have said to himself, "See, I told you I had faith in him. See what he can do? My son. My son!" And cried God: "Look! What you can do with life! Now that you have gone out into the field of science and you can fly like a bird and swim like a fish; now that you can press a button and light a continent, whisper and be heard around the world; now that there are no mountains, no seas, you have annihilated space, have made a conquest of time. Oh, man, my child, my child, what you could do for the world and for me!" God must have had some happy times when he thought of man's achievement. Then, God must have wept, too. I think God must be weeping now: science, wealth, brains, conquest of nature, ability to live longer than man has ever lived; a universe in which we are discovering element, after element, after element; perhaps the less than 100 elements of which the earth is composed may be lengthened into 200, 300. Science has just opened the door of the romance of reality—and man, with all this, trembling, frightened, despairing, folding his arms and resigning himself and saying: "This is inevitable; that is inevitable; I am caught; I am a prisoner; I cannot break these bonds; I cannot do it; I cannot build an integrated world; I cannot construct a just society; I cannot get man out of his sins; he is dissipating the vitality of his soul; I see him ruining himself and scarring himself. Oh, man, man, God must be passionately weeping, as He looks down over the eternal habiliments upon His world today; and I can hear Him say, after He had witnessed all the tragic sight, in man's hands: "A universe! it is his, and he cannot find a way to live together with dignity. Poverty, war, corrupt leadership, mediocre diplomacy, self-interest, unwarranted nationalisms; all of these stare at him."

The God I know is getting ready to do something about it. It is going to be revealed very soon. God loves humanity. Oh, he loves mankind. God loves me, He loves you, all, sinner and saint; illiterate and educated; black and white; Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant. God loves you. We are all God's children; that simple, old fashioned truth that you have heard repeatedly. We have to say it again now, and we have to say it with new significance. We are God's children. We are the product of His plan. We are a part of the reality. God's children, and God loves us; and, do you know, He loves us so much, with a love that transcends the parental love of earth.

There is a father listening to me now, many a father listening. You have a wayward son. Perhaps he has broken your heart; perhaps he has disgraced your name and dragged it into the mud, but he's your son, and if you are a true father you love him. You love that boy, and you won't stop at anything to get that boy straightened out. You will submerge every other thing in your life for that son. All right. The love of God transcends earthly love. God is our father. We are bad children. We are awfully bad children! We have dissipated, we have lived in sin, we have killed, we have murdered, we are guilty of the whole category of crime; we are bad; but I say, God loves us, and he loves us so much that he is

going to again shortly do what he has done before in human history. He has done it.

He did it once when they said the flood waters of the earth would destroy man, and man would be wiped out, but there was a remnant left, and the flood did not destroy. He loved us. He loved us once after, too. That time he loved us so much that in spite of our weakness and our sin and our vileness he said, "I love you, and I love you so much I will give you my own son. That's how much I love you. You wicked, vile people, my children you are, too. You are so wicked and so vile, but I am not going to let you destroy yourselves. I love you too much for that. I am your father, and I will give you your brother to die on the cross. That's how much I love you."

"Follow Him! Love Him! My coronated love for humanity." The cross and the Master hanging there. God did that once for you, for me, that's how much He loved us. He still loves us, and He is getting ready to part the green curtains of the nation's diplomats. He will walk out again. He will say to humanity, "I love you. I love you so much that I will blast the mind of the scientist and he will never make a hydrogen bomb. I love you so much that I will smite into impotency those who stand for war and power and force." My friends, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. He plants His foot on the sea and rides upon the storm." Wait and see, if you doubt that!

COMING BACK HOME

By Grace Thayer Bradley

(Many years ago Mrs. Bradley wrote the following article. In going through some of her clippings Dr. Bradley found it and thought it so beautiful that we are going to publish it in this issue, for many of our present subscribers have never been privileged to read it.)

Two days ago I drove with friends to one of the neighboring towns on the range, some thirty miles, over one of these wonderful Minnesota roads of scenic beauty, bordered on either side by woods with occasional clearings where patient, persevering foreigners have created for themselves beautiful farms, in spite of forest trees, boulders, giant roots and rocks. Now and then there is an attractive little school house on the roadside, and purplish hazy hills stretch away in the distance.

The day was full of brilliant sunshine and balmy air. A wizard artist had painted the scenery for a gorgeous pageant! All along the way was color —chrome, orange, old gold, bronze, scarlet, violet! On the homeward drive late in the afternoon, through an opening in a stretch of thick tamarack and spruce woods we were thrilled by the splendor of the setting sun—a huge disc like molten copper, sinking behind those tall somber trees. Almost immediately dark closed in, as it does these September nights, and a young crescent moon already traveling westward shone like silver in the sapphire sky.

On our own little Island I had noticed that morning the birches were dropping showers of golden leaves, fluttering like butterflies over the ground. Those lovely birches on whose graceful boughs I had seen the tender green buds in spring, and whose leaves in the summer seemed to laugh and giggle like merry school girls. Some garrulous black birds gluttonously consumed every crimson berry on our one mountain ash tree, and a flicker—they

of the woodpecker family, with the yellow lining to their wings, and an ivory band across their black tail feathers, played a tattoo on a tree trunk and seemed to be inquiring whether I knew the secret—an open secret to birds and flowers and trees!

Today the secret is out—'tis plain to every eye—Summer has gone—skipped away as softly as she came! A cold rain has fallen hour after hour making sodden ground of the fallen leaves; now and then it stops long enough to give the wind an inning, and it blows a gale! It is the equinoctial, and when old Mr. Sun steps over the equator and smiles down upon us again Autumn will be well established and radiant, weaving her patterns of gorgeous and unsurpassed loveliness in woodland, field and countryside everywhere.

Yet—today I know summer has gone. The time we longed for through all the long months, dreamed of and planned for, has passed. The "Someday" of long ago became today—and now it has joined the yesterdays that dwell in memory!

To take into one's heart and life some of the joy of birdsong, the nobility of trees, the beauty of flowers, the grandeur of the sky,—is to strengthen —to ennoble—to purify. To have companionship with the great out-of-doors is to know God!

We bid good-bye to Summer—and all it means—to some it is an occasional day spent in the forest preserve, —but even then strength and courage and a new viewpoint is gained to carry back to the office, the factory, the store. To some a week-end in the country gives memories that help tide over the winter. To others it may mean a trip to Europe, or seashore, or mountains, or camping, or lakes, or farms, or to homes in quiet places; but to all it is the gladsome time, the play-time when grownups renew their youth to frolic like youngsters at games and outdoor sports.

To us it is our little Island home where every tree and bird and rock is precious, and the lovely lake in all its moods, and sky and storms. It gives the sense of freedom the out-of-doors always brings, and the joy of home life that we have less opportunity to enjoy in our busy winter time; a lifting for a time of the worries and cares which burden during the rest of the year.

In a few days I will tear up the annuals from my garden even though there is an abundance of lovely flowers —darker—richer in tone in the fall. But, the garden must be made tidy and ready for next spring's planting! Ah—looking ahead to next springtime! How man always looks ahead to something! What would there be in life if we did not look ahead to the fulfillment of some cherished desire—be it health or business or pleasure. Just now we are looking ahead to our winter's work,—to our Church life—to the meeting with friends,—to the opportunity for service!

The best part about going away is coming back home! One need not to have been far or stayed long away to know the sweet freshness of the homecoming! There is an excitement possesses you as you near your own door, and an inexpressible thrill when once inside;—the chairs—the tables—the pictures, all deeply, dearly familiar—take on a new charm, one pats the cushions, and fingers the books as though never having seen them before; even if it is just a bit shabby, you think it all looks rather nice and cozy after all. You take up your work with renewed strength, fresh enthusiasm and insipration, courage—hope—love! And all because you have been away—and have come back home!

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service—(From November to Easter)..... 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley..... 8:00 p.m.
(From November to Easter)

Woman's Club—Oct. 9—American Citizenship and Legislation Day. Valasta Adele Braz, Field Director of American Relief in Czechoslovakia, will be guest speaker. Mrs. Leston B. Nay, former president, Hyde Park League of Women Voters, will speak on The Gateway Amendment.

Oct. 23—American Home Day. Mable Elliott Jeger will give an illustrated lecture on Interior Decorating. Guest Artist will be Marsie Anderson, Pianist, a student of American Conservatory and granddaughter of Mrs. Martha Anderson, of the Club.

Professional and Business Woman's Club. Opening meeting, October 10. Guest speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley. Guest artist, Mr. Burton Scalin, pianist. Refreshments. Meeting open to the public.

Oct. 24—Business Meeting.

Men's Club. Oct. 23. For information write or phone Harold Hansen, Sec., 2218 Carmen Ave. (25), EDgewater 4-5998.

The Uptown Players—Studios, 869 N. Dearborn, MIchigan 2-3105.

Oct. 1—Drama Tea, Anderson Hall, 4 p.m. Presenting J. Bradley-Griffin in recital version of "Come Back, Little Sheba," by William Inge.

Oct. 14th, 8:30 p.m., Opening Production at 11th St. Theatre, "Goodbye, My Fancy." Sunday Matinee, Oct. 15th, 3 p.m.

Oct. 8th, 3 p.m., Auditions for membership in The Players, Studios, 869 N. Dearborn St.

Channing Club (young people of High School age)
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall.... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon.. 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.

Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall.. 7:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864 4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday at 11 a.m.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

WHY is it that so many people admit they are confused about the problems of life? Why is gloom and dejection written on their faces? Why have they lost faith in themselves? Their frantic experiments to find the solution for their chaos have led them nowhere. The reason for such bewilderment lies in the fact that they have lost a true sense of life's values, and they have lost an understanding of the true simplicity of life. It is we ourselves who make it complex. All through the ages men and women have faced similar problems and confusions. It is not a new wilderness that has grown up with modern civilization. It is part of the eternal struggle involved in attaining a technique for mastering life. Those who have emerged victorious in this conflict are those who have gained an understanding of what are the essential values in life. They have done this with the power achieved through right thinking. Those who have failed have been the ones unable to develop the ability to make decisions; to place emphasis on the right things which would lead to self-recovery and achievement.

I see peopile cheating life and themselves. They have succumbed to the destructive force of wrong thinking. Plainly these personalities have lost somewhere in the shuffling of their minds the basic yardstick for measuring their experiences. They have lost sight of the relationship which exists between the individual and the world. They can't choose between the things of primary and secondary importance. In spiritual culture and development I believe it is quite as necessary to utilize every opportunity of spiritual exercise as it is for a person who desires to become physically strong to use his opportunities for physical exercise. No one just happens to be physically strong; and the same is true in the realm of cultural and spiritual progress

and development. In the physical realm, the muscles of our bodies must be used or they will wither. And so we believe that in the cultivation and strengthening and developing of the spiritual personality, the spiritual muscularities of life, it is quite as necessary to use those muscles and develop that strength as it is in the physical realm.

Those who accept their unhappiness and mental confusion in the fatalistic attitude are still under the influence of wrong thinking but those who once start to seek for the path out of this wilderness, who strive for a restoration of life's true values, are already beginning to feel the power from a right mental attitude. The initial step toward a mastery of life has been taken.

Life would be a mockery and I should not want to live, if I ever lost faith in the potentiality of the individual, of you—if I ever lost faith in your potentiality to be something finer and better than you are. Sometimes in our work and in our daily living, things just seem to pile up on us, and the weight and worry of trying to see our way out all at once overcomes us; but we can reorganize and readjust our lives so they can have a great objective for life, and a deep trust and abiding confidence in something that will take us in our confusion and despair, in our illness, our chaos and our worry, and enable us to see these things drop off one by one until there emerges in the life a unity, strength, health, power, control, character and an integration.

I suppose there is no more beautiful thing in the world than the unfoldment, triumphantly, of one's personality; to see people develop majestically, impressively, beautifully, refusing to let the burdens of life, the agony of worry or any other like dominating motif get control over them. What a triumph just to be able to stand firm in an hour of chaos.

We are now in a transitory hour. Something of yesterday and yesterday's world is dying and we are watching its death; and you and I, in the agony of this turmoil of change, are living through an era in which something that was will never be again, and something that never was, but something infinitely beautiful, is being born. And if we are going to be partakers in the kind of hour in which we are living, and make the largest individual contribution of which we are capable, we have to possess a creative confidence and trust; in other words, you and I must have something so profoundly eternal in its character and quality, that in a changing hour, the changeless, unchangeable character of that which we trust will be our stability and our equilibrium.

When we adopt a reasonable and sensible attitude toward the obstacles that impede the attainment of a masterful life, we find that these difficulties become insignificant and disappear. The late Supreme Court Justice, Oliver Wendell Holmes once said: "Only in achievement lies true glory." We have brains, we have intellects, we have hearts and souls, and somewhere we must keep alert the possibilities of our lives and what we really can do when we get this fog out of our thinking and get the scales off our eyes. Each of you is a stronger personality than you surmise. You have powers you do not know you possess. Everyone has a capacity to meet every experience of life more bravely and more adequately than he knows. Don't under-estimate your own potentiality!

"I heard a voice at evening softly say:
Bear not thy yesterday into tomorrow
Nor load this week with last week's sorrow.
Lift all thy burdens as they come nor try
To weight the present with the by-and-by;—
One step and then another *take thy way;*
live day by day."

GOD THE FATHER

Ruth DeBertram Allen
(Of Sanford, Maine. Teacher, lecturer, and author of the recent book, *Meet God.*)

(The following article is from "The Unitarian Christian," published by The Unitarian Christian Fellowship)

The concept of the Fatherhood of God is one that is being challenged by some so-called educated and intellectual individuals. When Jesus used the term God the Father he was reiterating and re-emphasizing the older Hebrew teachings. Let us see how this concept holds up in the light of modern scientific thinking.

To wonder about the beginnings of our universe, to wonder whence this all came, whence in the scheme of things we came and whither we are going, is the sign of the healthy, intelligent mind. Such contemplation, the ability to project our minds far into the past and as far again into the future, is a talent peculiarly singular to the human brain. The contemplations and meditations of many minds down through the ages have given us the basis for all religious and scientific attitudes.

That the universe was born in a matter of minutes, in a single tremendous act of creation, is the startling conclusion of a group of the most famous scientists. Physicists, astronomers, and geologists all agree that this one gigantic explosion occurred approximately two billion years ago. This expanding and exploding action is still continuing.

What is this primordial life stuff of which the universe must have been made? Everything, even you and I, the land, the sea and all that in them is, is made of substance. Substance is composed of ninety-two elements in various combinations with each other. These elements are made of atoms and atoms are positive and negative units of energy. Energy is light.

The ancient Hindu poet in his questioning wonder wrote, "What covers in and where? What gave shelter?" The ancient Hebrew poet without benefit of scientific fact but with the faculty for sudden insight, a quality of thinking our foremost psychologists recognize exists but cannot explain, said, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." And what is the first command of this God? "Let there be light." Strange and coincidental, is it not, that science now proves a religious attitude held thus long throughout the ages?

We might ask another question. "Is this exploding mass of energy and light friendly or unfriendly?" The astronomer sees law and order in the motions of the nebulae, galaxies, and in our solar system. The physicist sees balance in the workings of the laws of gravitation and radiation pressure, which laws keep substances together and substances apart. The geologist sees balance in the creation and dissolution of the continental land masses. The chemist sees law and order in the arrangement of the positive and negative forces which make up the substance of matter. Law and balance is protecting, dependable, and orderly.

The paleontologist and biologist see every tiny bit of light from the one-celled amoeba to the sponge, the coral, the shell-fish, vertebrate-fish, amphibious frogs and turtles, crocodile and alligator reptiles, and all the mammals —even man—living each one his life as

though it were of the utmost importance. Each clings, even in unconsciousness to every last precious minute.

My reason refuses to admit that all these creatures who have lived in countless ages of geologic time in the past and all those living now, have lived in disillusionment. They could not have been living as though there were purpose yet living without purpose. The consistency of our thinking, then, must accept the fact that this mass of energy and light must of necessity be protecting, dependable, orderly, and endowed with purpose. Hence a friendly universe. For want of better words, can we not call it "God the Father?"

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services.....11:00
Broadcast WJJD
Sunday Evening Services..... 7:00
Opening Sunday Evening Service, November 5th
Sunday School..... 9:30
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures 8:00
Opening Lecture Nov. 1st

* * *

For information concerning the various Clubs and Church Organizations, contact the officers listed under "Directory" on page 24; keep in touch with these columns, the Sunday Church Calendar, and Dr. Bradley's announcements.

* * *

For reservation of church seats until 10:55 on Sunday mornings, inquire at the church office on the mezzanine floor of the church.

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S NOVEMBER BOOK LECTURES

The 18th Season of Dr. Bradley's Wednesday Evening Book Lectures will begin on Wednesday night, November 1st, at 8 o'clock sharp. These book lectures are famous throughout the city. Keep this list near your weekly calendar for ready reference.

We are giving you the list in the October number, so you may have time to read some of the books to be covered in the November Lectures:

Nov. 1—"THE CARDINAL"
by Henry Morton Robinson
Nov. 8—"ON BEING HUMAN"
by Ashley Montagu
Nov. 15—"IS GOD IN HISTORY"
by Gerald Heard
Nov. 22—"WORLDS IN COLLISION"
by Immanuel Velikovsky
Nov. 29—"LOOK YOUNGER, LIVE LONGER"
by Gayelord Hauser

* * *

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The first October meeting of the Woman's Club will be held Monday, October 9th. It will be a Citizenship and Legislation Day. Valasta Adele Braz, Field Director of American Relief in Czechoslovakia will be guest speaker. Mrs. Leston B. Nay, Hyde Park League of Women Voters, will speak on The Gateway Amendment.

At their second meeting, October 23rd, American Home Day, Mable Elliott Jeger will give an illustrated lecture on Interior Decorating. Guest artist will be Marsie Anderson, Pianist, a student of the American Conservatory. Miss Anderson is the grand-

daughter of Mrs. Martha Anderson of The Woman's Club.

On September 18th, The Woman's Club presented a Scholarship Award in Memory of Mr. Walter Flandorf, former organist of the Peoples Church. Dr. Bradley asked Mrs. Flandorf to give a report of the presentation, and it is herewith given below:

WALTER FLANDORF MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

On Monday afternoon, September 18, the Walter Flandorf Memorial Scholarship of five hundred dollars was officially accepted by F. George Seulberger, vice president of Northwestern University from the president of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church, Mrs. Ethel B. Wilbur, on behalf of Lowell Salberg, a senior in the Music School of Northwestern, majoring in organ.

Mr. Carl Kuehnert, scholarship secretary of the University, and other officials of the school expressed their great appreciation to the Woman's Club for this fine gift. Mr. Kuehnert said that he felt that it was particularly fitting that the scholarship should be given at Northwestern University where Mr. Flandorf had formerly been on the organ faculty.

Dr. Barret Spach, head of the organ department of the Music School, said that he felt greatly honored that the scholarship should be given to one of his pupils, since he had for many years had the highest regard for Walter Flandorf both as a musician and a friend. "Knowing Walter as I did," he declared. "I am sure that no memorial could have pleased him more. While he lived he was never failing in his assistance to his fellow artists, young and old. Now he will be able to help once again a very talented and worthy young man."

The five hundred dollars will pay Lowell Salberg's tuition for his senior year in the Music School, and will make it possible for him to complete his work for his degree. This would have been impossible otherwise, since his parents found it impossible to assume this financial load. However, Lowell considers that he is a very lucky boy, since he has just been appointed organist of the Episcopal church in Lake Forest, and his income from this position will take care of his living expenses, and give him an organ on which to practice as much as he likes. He is now working hard on the programs for his senior recital next spring at Northwestern, and the concert at the Peoples Church in which the Woman's Club plans to present him.—Vera Flandorf.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

The Uptown Players, under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin, will open their 28th season with two performances of the New York and Chicago stage success, the rip-roaring comedy farce drama, "Good-Bye My Fancy," by Fay Kanin.

Opening night will be Saturday, October 14th, curtain at 8:30, followed by a Sunday matinee, October 15th, at 2:45, at the Eleventh Street Theatre, 72 E. 11th St.

Leading roles will be portrayed by Mary Clarke and actor-director J. Bradley-Griffin, supported by a cast composed of Neil Lambur, Patricia Barrett, Betty Carter, Timothy Gill, Nancy Beck, Connie Stevens, Howard Cox, Donald Fernow, Sally Alex and Glenn Johnson.

The Uptown Players have the distinguished honor of being the first subprofessional or Little Theatre Group of Players in Chicago to be permitted to present "Good-Bye My Fancy."

The price this year for both performances is $1.50 per ticket, including tax. Coupon and patron books are available

at a substantial saving. Tickets, reservations and further information can be had by calling MIchigan 2-3105.

Six plays will be given this year, constituting The Uptown Players season. All of the plays will be New York Broadway successes.

Their second play will be "Born Yesterday," of which two performances will be given at the Eleventh St. Theatre, Saturday evening, November 25th and Sunday matinee, November 26th.

The first Sunday Drama Tea will be given Sunday, October 1st, in Channing Hall of The Peoples Church. J. Bradley-Griffin will give his recital version of "Come Back Little Sheba," by William Inge, the present stage success appearing at the Erlanger Theatre.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

The Professional and Business Woman's Club will hold their opening meeting on Monday, October 9th, at 8 o'clock.

Guest speaker will be Dr. Preston Bradley. The meeting will be held in Anderson Hall of the Church and the public will be welcome.

Guest artist will be Mr. Burton Scalin, pianist.

The Club plans to hold one meeting each month which will be open to the public.

Business meetings will be called by notice to the members.

The Club has planned very varied and interesting programs for the coming Season, which will be announced from month to month.

Bazaar Donation night will be Tuesday, November 7th, when Ethel Wells Smalley will give a heart to heart chat entitled "The Bumble Bee Did It."

GET READY FOR THE BAZAAR!!!

Are you, personally, ready? Have you definitely planned what your donation will be? This is your Bazaar! It is up to you to make it a success. Every household has its expenses. So does your church. The money made from The Annual Bazaar helps materially with the expenses of your church.

Prepare now to make the best contribution you can, to help all you can, and then to bring your family and friends to the Bazaar and spend all you can. It is being held well in advance of Christmas. Won't it be a relief to get a lot of your Christmas shopping over with at The Peoples Church Annual Bazaar!

Anything and everything salable is needed: candy, preserved or canned fruits and vegetables, kitchenware, fancy goods, linens, home made and handmade articles, rugs, pictures, dolls, toys, knicknacks, anything your imagination fancies that we can sell.

We expect to see you at the Bazaar and Dr. Bradley will be disappointed if you do not come and enjoy yourself meeting old friends and making new ones.

THE CHOIR

Our Director of Music, Mr. LeRoy Wetzel, has returned from his vacation in California, ready with great plans for the winter's work in music.

Members are reminded that our Choir offers splendid opportunities for young people interested in music.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Mrs. Joan Hudson is in charge of the Sunday School Booth at The Bazaar. She is planning a Toy Booth. Will you help her by bringing your donations to the Sunday School?

Mrs. Margaret Chirpe is Director of the Children's Choir. Children who would like to sing in the choir are asked to see Mrs. Chirpe.

Future Sunday School dates are: Friday, Oct. 30th, Family Dinner, Dr.

Preston Bradley, Guest of Honor.

The Sunday School offers an opportunity to promote liberal Christian thinking. It is suggested that parents talk with Mr. Robert Crosswhite, the Superintendent, in reference to placing their children in The Peoples Church School of Religion.

A NORTH SIDE GUIDANCE CENTER TO BE OPENED

A new North Side Guidance Center will be opened in the Nettlehorst School, 3252 N. Broadway, starting November 9th. It will meet every Thursday thereafter, for the purpose of assisting parents who have problems with their children. These services are rendered without cost.

The Counselor of the Center will be Dr. Rudolph Dreikurs, the outstanding Adlerian psychologist.

Dr. Dreikurs came to this country from Vienna about twelve years ago, where he worked with Dr. Alfred Adler, who originated the Child Guidance movement there. Dr. Dreikurs spent this summer in Vienna where he originally started his work in this movement. He will be assisted at the North Side Center by members of the staff who are all trained in dealing with the problems of the parent and child.

Parents who are not familiar with this work may read with great profit Dr. Dreikurs book, "The Challenge of Parenthood," as well as "The Challenge of Marriage." These are both very practical and helpful.

The downtown office of the Community Child Guidance Centers is at 410 S. Michigan Ave., and any inquiries may be made there. Telephone WAbash 2-6370.

MAKE LIFE VICTORIOUS!

EVERY day of my life I meet someone who will say to me, "How is it that, though you are living in a realistic world, yet I do not detect a note of despair, of defeatism or despondency in anything you say; you hear people's troubles, you are with them when they need sympathy, and you see so much of that side of life, and you are thinking realistically about life and give evidence of being realistic in your approach; so how do you keep from becoming a little despondent now and then, when there seems to be so much in the world today to be despondent about; how do you keep disillusionment from setting in?"

Well, I have been talking and lecturing for 38 years, and broadcasting for 26 years, and when one looks at the world today, and realizes how far we seem to be from peace in this old world, well might say to me, "aren't you disillusioned?" I am going to suggest something to those who are inclined to look on the black side of things and get themselves into a state of despondency. One of the first cures for a feeling of this kind is to fill your mind and heart full to overflowing with the triumphant truth that you are in a universe where good, and fineness, and truth, and righteousness, and honor are finally going to win! They are going to win in your life, in my life. You are a part of a universe where evil men, evil nations, evil principles, selfish greed, and every other disturbing, interfering faculty against the advancement of man is going to be gradually and successfully overcome.

Not a life listening to me but has within it the faculty of triumph and of victory; and I never let go of that

idea for one moment. Not a life listening to me but was designed for something fine and something good. That is the thesis of my life! I believe it more than anything else in the world. That is why you never hear me talking about the world coming to an end, or about it's being so wicked it is all going to smash up. That is why you never hear me emphasizing that evil is stronger than good, for I know it is not; or that evil men are more powerful than good men, for I know they are not; or that hate is stronger than love, for I know it is not. This is still God's world and He is not in the business of smashing it up into a catastrophic failure. There is a directive, intelligent design in the cosmos. The creative life principle knew exactly what He was doing when He created man. He did not guess for one moment. He knew what his world was, and he planted within the consciousness of every individual the potentiality of making life a triumphant thing.

Don't you get despondent and weep and cry over the mess we are in and then say, "Grin and bear it!" Don't have a long-drawn expression on your face and a far-away look in your eyes, and a look of despair as you say: "We can't do anything about it; we've just got to grin and bear it!" That's silly! Grin, yes, I believe in that. If I could just get more grins on the faces of people instead of looks of despair and despondency and a state of tenseness! I meet people every day so tense; their blood pressure way up; their arteries getting brittle; and they have the whole burden of the world on their hands, and they go through life that way. You know, that is all wrong. That isn't going to help. If I could just get people eased up a little, they wouldn't be so despondent. The world will go along, in spite of you and your tenseness. Sometimes I do so want to get people to limber up a little—to not take it so seriously. Nothing is final. Not a thing that has ever happened to a person listening to me now is final. Not a thing you have ever done is final. There is no absolutism, and no matter what is over your shoulder, or back there in your life, get it out of the way—don't let it tyrannize you.

I read a little story the other day that inspired me greatly. A salesman was going into a little southern town, and as he left the train, and was walking down a little path leading over to the small hotel in the town, he saw a lovely garden—an old fashioned garden. I personally like old fashioned flowers. And here was an old fashioned garden, and it was neatly kept and the flowers were arranged artistically, so that with the coming of the blooming there would be an interesting blend of color. He stood there admiring the little garden. It was in front of a humble home; just a shack, but so clean and well kept; a typical southern home with no foundations under it, and a wooden fence around it. As he told about it, he said, "It was beautiful, clean and lovely, and I stopped there and looked at it. As I did so a dear old southern colored woman came out. She was typical, with her bandanna around her head. She was spotlessly clean, too, and I said to her, 'What a beautiful garden! You have such lovely flowers, you must be mighty fond of them!' and what do you suppose she said? Her face lighted with a smile, and she said, 'Why shouldn't it be beautiful? *I* live here!' " Why shouldn't it be beautiful? I live here. You get that philosophy into your life and despondency will fly out the window.

It is like my friend, William Allen White, who never left Emporia, Kansas; he always loved it. His autobiography is such a lovely book! He gave his life and soul to Emporia. You

know the story of how he made it beautiful where he lived. One hot June day Columbia University was conferring upon him an Honorary Doctor's Degree, and while he was standing in line with all the other candidates for degrees, with hundreds in the graduating class and thousands before them, he turned to another gentleman who was standing in the procession that was forming, and said: "I feel a little bit out of place here. You know, I'm just a small-town editor from Emporia, Kansas—my name is White." And the other man turned to him and said, "Well, I feel a little bit strange, too. I'm just a small-town doctor from Rochester, Minnesota. My name's Mayo." Each of those men made life beautiful where they were, where they lived. If we try that, in the spot where we live, life will be beautiful, not only where we live, but the beauty, like the waves of the sea, like the ripples on a little lake when you stand upon its shore and cast a rock, the ripples will go on and on in waves of beauty, until they touch the shoreline of God's world. So, relax the tenseness, brighten up that look of gloom with a smile, make beautiful the place where you live, and start into motion the waves of beauty which will brighten up this world of ours.

BOOK CHATS

WHEN we realize that summer is over and the leaves that have fallen from the trees are all scurrying about in the cold wind as though they were not quite sure of their destination, and we begin to enjoy the warmth of a fire, one of the pleasantest things to do is to lose ourselves in a book of great adventure. This fall we certainly have been given such a book in "Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl, published by Rand McNally & Company, on September 5th.

Here is true adventure story of the almost incredible feat of crossing the Pacific Ocean on a primitive log raft. For 101 days and nights Thor Heyerdahl and five intrepid companions drifted on their raft of balsa logs a distance of 4,300 miles across the trackless ocean—a distance equal to that from Chicago to Moscow. Their raft was a replica, as nearly as they could make it, of the only "sailing vessel" known to the ancient Peruvians. The purpose of their voyage was to show that Indians from South America could have crossed the Pacific in this same way; and might, in fact, have been the first settlers of the Polynesian Islands and the ancestors of the mysterious Polynesian race. They named their raft "Kon-Tiki" in honor of an ancient pre-Inca sun-king, and left the coast of Peru for an unknown and unknowable destination. They hoped the wind and currents would carry them and their awkward craft to one of the islands of Polynesia, but they could not even guess where, or when (if ever), they would again touch earth.

None of the six had ever met the others before they began their adventure; at the end—smashed up on a coral reef—they knew each other's

thoughts and characters down to the most secret detail.

Danger was with them on every mile of the voyage—surging sea and changeable winds; monsters of the depths (they caught sharks with their bare hands). Flying fish and dolphins accompanied them and were always fascinating; at night there were galaxies of unfamiliar stars and the sea's changing face of terrible beauty in calm or in storm.

Here is a first-hand report of how men react under conditions few could survive; a true adventure story presenting a wealth of fascinating scientific data, much of it previously unknown. This mystery story untangles a trail leading backward fourteen hundred or more years. Every reader, old or young, who thrills to the call of adventure and of earth's far places will find pure enjoyment in this book.

The story of the Kon-Tiki expedition has been hailed as one of the great sea tales of the 20th century and was first published in Norway in 1948. It has since been translated into Swedish, Dutch, Finnish, German, Danish, Italian and English, and is being translated into many other languages.

Thor Heyerdahl, the author, and leader of this amazing expedition, who has challenged the scientific world with his theory of Polynesian-American migrations, was born in the small city of Larvik, Norway, in 1914. Interested in the natural sciences, starting a one-room zoological museum at the age of seven, he entered Oslo University in 1933 and specialized in zoology.

His first expedition was to the Marquesas Islands in the Southeast Pacific. He spent nearly a year on a little known island, Fatuhiva, when he discovered hitherto unknown rock carvings and other curiosities. Findings on this expedition made him speculate as to the possibility of an American origin of the unidentified Polynesian race, rather than an Asiatic origin as commonly supposed, and he left the field of zoology to specialize in this new field of research. He developed the theory that the first settlers of the Polynesian Islands were pre-Inca Indians, who sailed from Peru on balsa-rafts about 500 A.D., these being overrun by mariners among the British Columbia coast Indians, who reached Hawaii in huge double canoes about 1000 A.D. or later.

During the war he served as lieutenant in a parachute communication unit in Arctic Norway and later resumed his Polynesian researches. Though thoroughly convinced of the soundness of his theory he found scientific opinion so highly skeptical that in 1947 he organized his "Kon-Tiki Expedition."

Orthodox theories claimed no South American aboriginal culture could have reached Polynesia because there were no coastal craft except reed-boats and balsa-rafts in early Pacific South America. This Heyerdahl proposed to disprove. With the assistance of technical engineer Herman Watzinger, and three other Norwegian and one Swedish expedition member, Heyerdahl built a replica of the ancient balsa-raft. The six men left Callao Harbour in Peru on this raft on April 28, 1947, to begin the long drift across the Pacific. On August 7, raft and crew crash-landed in safety on Raroia reef well inside Polynesia. This expedition, covering 4,300 miles of open ocean in 101 days, undertook meteorological, hydrographic and zoological measurements and investigations on the way, and various equipment and devices were tested out for the United States War Department.

Heyerdahl has continued museum and library researches in the United States and European countries since the successful completion of the raft

expedition, in preparation for his coming publication on American origins of the Polynesian race.

* * *

There never was a better time than the present, for reading Ashley Montagu's book which he calls "On Being Human." Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard University says the book "admirably deals with the most important problem of humanity at the present time;" that it "truly deserves to be a best seller" and "is a *must* book for all intelligent persons." He adds, "I recommend it without reservation." The thesis of Dr. Montagu as presented in this book stirred up considerable excitement when it first appeared in a feature article in the Saturday Review of Literature in November of 1949. When the book was published this year, Van Allen Bradley called it "Required Reading."

Dr. Montagu is Chairman of the Department of Anthropology, Rutgers University; he is Senior Lecturer, Veterans Administration Postgraduate Training Program in Psychiatry, Philadelphia; Lecturer, New School for Social Research, New York; and Consultant to UNESCO. I am giving you the background of Dr. Montagu rather fully, for it is important that you know somewhat of the biography of the author of this book. He has held posts as Visiting Lecturer, Department of Social Relations, Harvard University; Research Associate, British Museum (Natural History), London; and Curator of Physical Anthropology, Wellcome Historical Medical Museum, London. He is the author of "Coming Into Being Among the Australian Aborigines" (1937); "Man's Most Dangerous Myth; The Fallacy of Race" (1945); and "Adolescent Sterility" (1946).

Dr. Montagu has brought together in this book, "On Being Human," for the first time the leading, scientific data in support of the principle that co-operation, not conflict, is the natural law of life. He summons evidence from the most up-to-date findings in biology, psychology, and the social sciences; and offers proof that all living things are so constituted as to demand satisfaction in terms of co-operation and love. In his introduction the author says that "To be human is to be in danger. . . . So-called civilized man of the Western world has befuddled and endangered himself to such a degree that he stands today on the very brink of self-destruction." After stressing the terrible reality of the atom bomb, the hydrogen bomb and bacteriological warfare, the author says, and I quote, "that anyone should be willing to employ such instruments of destruction at all is commentary enough upon the sorry pass to which man has come."

Though some say perhaps it would be just as well if Western man were to exterminate himself, the author says that "suicide is never a solution to any human problem." The problem of modern man is the problem of human relations. . . . Organized and secular religions, science, and philosophy have provided a style of life for human beings, but so far none of them have succeeded in solving the problem of how men can live in peace with their fellow men and with themselves. And yet the knowledge to do just this is today available." Prof. Montagu then tells us that the purpose of his little book is to show that science is today in a position to teach man, in the most convincing of all manners, not only that his problems in human relations can be solved, but also the manner in which they must be solved.

Through bringing together results of investigations and fundamental discoveries of many scientists over the past fifty years, Dr. Montagu has worked out a meaning for the under-

standing of life and the nature of man. He finds, according to science, that instead of man being born in sin, he was born good, and that co-operation, not struggle and war and a cutthroat existence, is the law of life. Though that idea is not new, it is presented in an entirely new way in this book.

Every educator and leader, every person who has any part in the molding of opinion should read "On Being Human." He scientifically explodes the "Jungle" theory, and the idea of the survival of the fittest. I quote again from the book: "If we would seek for one word which describes society better than any other, that word is co-operation. The important point to grasp is that, contrary to the beliefs of the struggle-for-survival school of thought, man does not have to create a co-operative mood for himself, over his savage strivings to be otherwise. . . . The impulses toward co-operative behavior are already present in him at birth, and all they require is cultivation. There is not a shred of evidence that man is born with 'hostile' or 'evil' impulses which must be watched and disciplined. Discipline of basic impulses is, indeed, necessary, but it is the discipline of love, not of frustration, which they require. . . . The nature of life can be expressed in the one word, co-operation. . . . Without co-operation, without love, it is not possible to live—at best, it is possible only to exist."

May I remind you that this is not a minister speaking, but the quotation is from a man of science. And he adds: "Science points the way to survival and happiness for all mankind through love and co-operation. Do what we will, our drives toward goodness are as biologically determined as are our drives toward breathing. Our highly endowed potentialities for social life have been used to pervert and deny their very nature, and this has led us close to the brink of disaster, a disaster which spells doom unless we realize what we have done and take the proper steps to undo it before it is too late. For we cannot, without destroying ourselves, deny the power of the world forces which we share with all life and which have reached their highest development in our potentialities as human beings. . . . The life of every human being is a part of our own, for we are involved in mankind. Each one of us is responsible for the other. . . . It is up to us to do something with that knowledge.

The book is divided into three parts, the last one being "The Improvement of Human Relations Through Education," in which Dr. Montagu calls the Fourth "R" the teaching of human Relations and says that the school, above all else, must be considered as a place of education in the art and science of being a person, the practice of human relations." The author quotes John Donne's beautiful seventeenth "Devotion":

"No man is an Island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the Continent, a part of the main; . . . any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THE following quotation will probably surprise you as much as it did me when I read it the other day:

"It has been said with great frequency that life is so fast and strenuous that systematic efforts for relaxation are becoming imperative. The psychodynamics of personality indicate that the exact opposite is true. Life in our civilization *has become too slow* (the italics are mine) to use up our energies. The automobile may be fast but we as a result move more slowly than before. The telephone is easier than the work of writing letters or calling on foot. Not long ago there was an advertisement saying: 'Reach for the phone before you reach for your hat.' The machinery is faster but we are more sluggish. Literally, our civilization is afflicted with a clogging of the organic energies."

I read the above in Dr. Henry C. Link's great book, "The Rediscovery of Man." If you are interested in improving your personality, do read this book, for Dr. Link is an optimist in the midst of much pessimism. He says that through the progress of science, the world of things and ideas has been miraculously transformed, yet there has been no corresponding development in the field of personality and character, and so no wonder that civilization is going to the dogs. In "his day," in response to a questionnaire for seniors in college, asking what was the greatest thing they had gotten out of college, the majority answered "friendships," with learning or knowledge a poor second, but they were ridiculed as barbaric students to value friendship above culture. And he claims that in the twenty-five years since, the mind has been supposed to require systematic cultivation, whereas friendships are supposed to take care of themselves. So Dr. Link says it is not surprising that Dale Carnegie's book on "How to Win Friends and Influence People" has won such a tremendous audience; that the very fact that it describes simple and obvious techniques of friendship makes it important because our civilization has so thoroughly ignored these values.

The interesting thing is that though those techniques are simple in theory they are not easy in practice.

The other day, in Dr. Bradley's study, I picked up a little book called "On Being Human," by Dr. Ashley Montagu, noted anthropologist, who recommends that to the Three "R's" taught in school we should add as a fourth "R" the subject of Human Relations.

Now the immediate point I am interested in is the following, again from Dr. Link's book: "The tennis player who executes a fine stroke automatically relaxes for the next. . . . The strenuous and skillful use of the energies automatically brings about genuine relaxation. . . . The player whose strokes go poorly remains tense and is kept on the run by his more skillful opponent. . . . Not only in tennis but in conversation, in committee work, in

church work, in teaching, in employment, dancing, bridge, and in all forms of social intercourse, relaxation, ease, come only as a by-product of strenuous practice. (Again the italics are mine) *People often suffer from chronic exhaustion not because they are working too hard but because they have hoarded their energies in the past. Relaxation and emotional poise come from the lavish expenditure of one's energies, not from their conservation."*

Finally, here is Dr. Link's definition of personality: (and these italics are his own) *"The extent to which the individual has developed habits and skills which interest and serve other people."*

Immediately there came to my mind a vivid picture of the heavy schedule of helpful work which our pastor and leader, Dr. Bradley, carries on all winter long, and of the dynamic personality which is his as a result of "serving other people." Many, many times in his book, which I have not yet finished reading, does Dr. Link refer to organizational work and committee work as a great need in the lives of people who, though extremely intelligent, had much to desire in the way of personality. They needed the *a b c's,* or the foundations of personality, which were the habits and skills which would enable them to interest and serve others in the more common phases of living and getting along with people.

By now you are smiling "up your sleeve," and have found me out. Yes, when I read all this I thought what an opportune time to have read this book just at the start of our busy winter schedule in the church; when people are in that hazy autumn time of wishing vacations might last for twelve months of every year, and wondering if they really care to plunge into the sea of activity again.

Now is the time to make the decision whether to sit idly by and receive and receive and receive, as a sponge receives, or to become healthily active, alive and vigorous and to be a generous giver, in serving other people. And how satisfying to read in Dr. Link's "The Rediscovery of Man," that thus are we truly giving to ourselves as well, in happiness and a well-rounded personality.

Truly I had no idea when I started out that this would develop into somewhat of a book review. It was not so intended, yet before we look into the Mail Bag, I shall quote Dr. Link's concept of religion:

"My concept of religion and a religious sermon is something that will make me feel ashamed of myself, something that will stir me to action, something that will compel me to do things for other people at the expense of my private pleasures and comfort."

And now dare I pray that I may have helped Dr. Bradley and The Peoples Church by "preaching" such a sermon? And that, at the same time, I have been serving you and me?

* * *

The first envelope I take out of the Mail Bag contains a poem which is so well fitted to my "Sermon (?)" above that I shall offer it to you first of all. It is written by Dr. Bradley's dear friend, the Reverend W. J. Griffith of the Hebron Welsh Presbyterian Church on Warren Boulevard:

MY DESIRE

I shall never wear the laurels
Of the great in halls of fame,
Nor the honor stripes and medals
Which add prestige to a name;
But I hope to be remembered
For the cheer I've scattered free,
And the humble songs I rendered
Mostly in the minor key.

Though my gardens yield no orchids
I am proud that after all
I have vines of rambling roses

Struggling up my garden wall;
Crowns and scepters, wealth and honor
As a rule are won through strife,
All I crave is to be mentioned
With the simple things of life."

W. J. Griffith

* * *

This letter was reecived from one whose memories of long ago had been revived at a Sunday morning service, and the little story she relates is so "homey."

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"What a blessing I carried back home with me this morning. I had been back with my dear father (singing in the old church choir) and my deep alto voice was thrilled once more in the sweet old song "Wonderful Words of Life." Last Sunday's hymn, too, "How Firm a Foundation," filled the air with memories of 50 years ago. Then over in the "Amen" corner must have been some precious old Methodist — it sounded good, didn't it?

"One prayer meeting night, in the long ago, mother and I were a little late getting the supper dishes washed, but hurried to get in before the first prayer. We quickly knelt down, and I noticed she had forgotten to take off her kitchen gingham tie-apron. As I untied it and removed it, I heard her say, as she rolled it up quickly, 'Dear Lord, forgive me.'

"The morning sermon seemed to have an added tonic, with the echo of the long ago.

"I am so grateful I am able to come to the services. Living near has helped. You never know what a great mantle of peace and comfort you spread out over that cluster of often tired and weary souls in your temple.

"God keep you under His wing, through all of your years.—Sincerely, Mrs. Carl."

* * *

The following letter came to Dr. Bradley from a dear lady at the Norwegian Old People's Home Society, and Mrs. Bradley had intended it for the Mail Bag:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"I am sorry I could not be present this morning to greet you in person, but happy to be able to hear your inspiring words over my faithful little radio.

"God bless you, Dr. Bradley, for so fearlessly expressing your convictions. I feel certain He has spared you and prepared you for a great work during these tumultous, distressing times. As we are told 'Life begins at eighty,' you have a great many more years to 'Fight the good fight of faith' and I am sure you would be the last one to want to 'rest on your oars' while the conflict rages. I will soon be 82, so I am praying for you to do the fighting for me, and may God's richest blessing reward your efforts and prove once again that 'Right must triumph.'

"Gratefuly yours, 'In His Name,'— Louise B. Koehler."

* * *

Last Fall, after the passing of dear "Dad" Jones of The Peoples Church, his daughter, Maude E. Nash, wrote a letter to Dr. Bradley in which she told of her early life up in the woods of Maine. Mrs. Bradley saved her letter and intended to use it, but somehow it was mislaid. In sorting and clearing the files, this letter appeared. Having started out with a letter of "memories," we will close the Mail Bag this month with "memories of Maine," and a few other excerpts from Mrs. Nash's letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"Since our great loss we have all been stunned. As you said at the beautiful service which you gave for Dad (and no more could have been said or done for anyone than you did for him) 'no matter how long anyone is ill and

we may be expecting anything to happen any time, we are never ready for the loss.' The large family from which he came are all gone except dear, frail Aunt Mary Jones in Kennebunk, Maine.

"Dad's dream-bird-house for you was so delayed that it made him so disappointed. Two or three who promised the work failed. Dad had so wanted it to be here so you could see and enjoy it with him, but we will have to arrange otherwise.

"When a boy he was always making home retreats for birds all over the farm—every design and shape, they used to tell me. When I came along, and later prowled through the dense woods of Maine on horseback for forty miles around, ever with my big black Jack along, there were still remnants of some of his bird-houses here and there in woods near the farm. As I grew older and ventured farther into the depths of those mighty woods I always carried a 32 for emergency. I had been trained in the use of firearms, as we never knew what would be met there. I've ridden under a tree and heard the dog snarl and noted his extreme nervousness. One time when this happened, on looking back I saw two wildcats in one tree. Just luck they did not spring on us.

"I loved the woods, the rivers, the ocean, the white pines and all that made life beautiful for a child who was privileged to roam many farms of relatives and the farm of my grandfather in Maine. I have often thought this background gave me the strength to carry on this home and to pull Dad through these very real years of care.

"On the farm I had trained calves, and dogs and I rode every horse that anyone could manage, also every piece of farm machinery that anyone maneuvered. Dear grandfather made me all sorts of hay wagons and small carts to drive my calves and dogs in. A sweeter soul never lived. In winter my dog Jack hauled me great distances. We often went into the deep woods to bring back loads of pine cones for the winter fires. We would have no terrible things happen to children today if they had the wonderful childhood and the enjoyments we all had. What a pity children have to live as they do today, in homes piled on top of each other in cities. Surely God never intended it.

"Again, my sisters and brother and I can only say thank you for the happiness you have brought to Dad and to us by being able to be with him to the last; for the many personal calls to the home and your many contributions during his illness that made him happy. Thanks for everything.—Sincerely, Maude E. Nash.

* * *

Having dipped into this unfinished file of Mrs. Bradley's, I shall close with this little verse on which Lady Gracious wrote in pencil, "This is very fine I think." It was sent in by Mrs. H. R. Hawley of Lockwood Avenue:

"When I die, bury me—if you must
In a cemetery—to turn to dust;
But o'er my grave, don't moan, don't wail,
And to my tomb don't blaze a trail.
Make it not a shrine, with flowers, prayer;
Remember, please: *I* am not *there*.
If you would recall, remember me
As in days of yore, I used to be;
For it's only the flesh in the grave to mould;
I'll stay alive till your mem'ries grow cold."

Dr. Bradley is home again! Be sure to write often! And KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

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